

# MERRY ENGLAND

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[MONTHLY.

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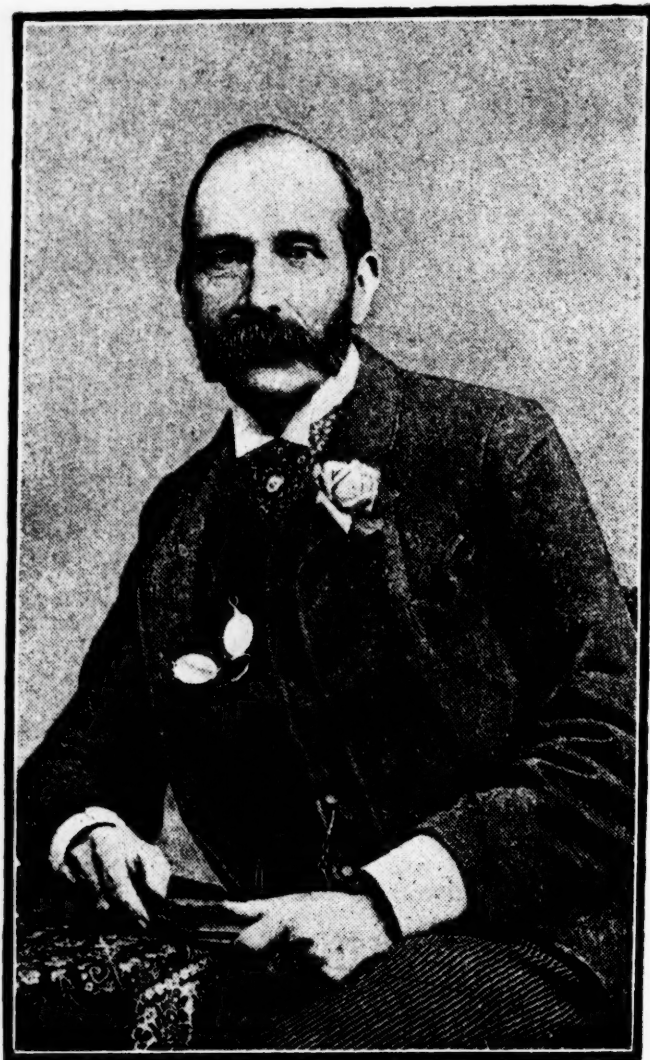
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MR. ARCHIBALD DUNN.



# MERRY ENGLAND

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OCTOBER, 1886

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## A Contemporary Architect.

ALL rational men desire beauty. Our immediate ancestors, even when they wrought into their carpets impossible cabbage roses, sought her. Our living sisters in their steepest headgear and their highest boots are seeking her. The modern dandy pursues her through improbable paths. Her professed admirers struggle after her through acres of canvas, or through vast quarries of stone and marble. Beauty, having always been married to nature, is not on very good terms with our artificial age ; she more frequently gives us her shadow than her real self ; she sheds a feather or two from her radiant wings and we have to be content ; or she allows an impostor to take her place until we find her out ; then we fill the world with revilings. Our own times being in such sad plight, it is not strange that we seek through other ages the works of men to whom beauty was a constant comrade. At no period in the history of the mind of man were there such wistful glances cast upon the past nor such eager searchings after the spirit that possessed it.

It is natural, therefore, that this should be an age of archæology, of reverent study of antiquity and of sketch-books. We analyse, with a curiosity which is almost feverish, the causes of the felicity of the older men. Often, like a botanist who has

nothing to show for his studies but broken flowers, we grasp the form while the spirit eludes us. Mankind seem to have turned back upon themselves, and like a serpent devouring its own tail, strive to live upon their beginnings. An age full of intellectual pride is full of humbleness on the art side. Let us hope that its humility will be its salvation. We have been bewitched by so many impostors that we walk doubtfully. A disastrous century or two, mostly spent on a false scent, has diminished and disorganised the pack. The strongest minds too often give their force to things which seem more attractive to an age of bustle and greed; indeed the spirit of commerce has fought and conquered the spirit of true art, and extinguished the lamp of sacrifice.

Such being our views, we welcome a book which in its studiousness, its wide range of subject and its pervading love of beauty, is suited to the needs and longings of our time. Mr. Archibald Dunn, in his *Notes and Sketches of an Architect*, gives us an insight into the labours of one who pursues the footsteps of ancient beauty in order that he may transform it into forms that fit our modern wants. How successfully this has been done let Downside, Stonyhurst, Ushaw, and a score of other places show. Beset by all the cares involved in a large practice, Mr. Dunn has found time to study the results of the inspiration of the architects of three continents. Asia, Africa, and Europe—though chiefly Europe—have been drawn upon for happy thoughts and fruitful germs of good work to come. The widening of thought, the removal of prejudice, the mollifying of crudities that must come from such a process of study, can only be fully known to those who have had the privilege and the energy to undergo it. While recommending this book of sketches to the notice of our readers, whether they are engaged in adding to the beauty and interest of England or are only worshippers of what is lovely and pure and of good repute, we will emphasise our opinion by giving that of an architectural critic :



"We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Dunn's collection of sketches is among the most valuable of those which have appeared in our time. They are drawn in a style that sometimes suggests Welby Pugin and sometimes J. L. Petit. But the style is controlled by the desire to secure something that is useful in every case. That breadth of effect which is so often sought, and which is not to be despised, is rarely introduced. In many cases a firm line is given where a lover of the picturesque would insist that a broken line was more suggestive. Mr. Dunn's desire was to make the buildings give him hints, and the qualities which were not capable of aiding him become of secondary importance. Hence we often have small portions of interesting churches and buildings occupying a page, while elsewhere a large building may have only a couple of square inches devoted to it.

There are things in the volume which have been often drawn. The first plate, for example, is the beautiful lantern of St. Nicholas' Church, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and the last is part of the Hôtel de Ville, in Ghent, which is possibly more generally known. Then we have sketches from Bruges, Caen, Limburg, Nuremberg, Chartres, Oxford, and other places, which must be tolerably familiar to every English and American architect. But in the majority of the sketches, we have reminiscences of scenes that are not on the beaten ground of tourists. Cairo may not be difficult to approach; but as much cannot be said of Spain, which Mr. Dunn has found fertile in subjects.

In his Cairene sketches it is tolerably evident that Mr. Dunn was most struck with the corbelling, and in the notes he jotted down he remarks that it is 'very ingenious, and suggestive of Gothic construction.' He gives several examples, which bear out his idea. The upper part of the doorway from Damascus is also confirmatory of that theory; but such capitals as are seen in that city are unknown in Gothic. The minarets given from Damascus are very beautiful, scientific, and therefore rational, in their construction. A door from Tunis is effectively ornamented, and without any of the profusion that is sometimes seen in Eastern work. Ornament requires a new power if put in its proper position, and not elsewhere; but artists are not always disposed to

recognise this truth. The door has a square framing, with a horseshoe arch. The outer ring of the arch has ornament at intervals, which is executed in nail-heads. In the two upper angles of the spandrels there are two plaques in which there is no correspondence except size—an assertion of liberty which is thoroughly Eastern. The door is sufficiently decorated, but there is no superfluity.

It seems natural that some plates from Spain should follow. The Seville doorway, with the bits of wall and ceiling decoration, shows an affinity with what came first; and in the ciborium and towers at Tarragona we see the desire to express an upward-springing power with one of subordination, which are found in the minarets and domes of Damascus. The buttresses and finials of the ciborium form a masterly composition, and the interior must be no less interesting, for the spaces between the ribs of the groining are pierced through in tracery, besides being coloured and gilt. The upper part of the splendid Rodez tower no longer exists, and Mr. Dunn suggests how it may have been completed. No doubt, he writes, this is taking a liberty, but the excuse must be that the primary object of the sketches was study and improvement. A good many plates follow of towers and spires in different countries, and we suppose Mr. Dunn desires to suggest their Eastern relationship. St. Sauveur, Bruges, shows a more severe type, which is again seen in the Caen examples. In Palermo there is another variation.

The interiors begin with the cathedral of Barcelona: the arches are stilted and the reredos rises almost to the height of the capitals. As it is detached the mass of gilded work must have an imposing effect. The bishop's throne appears to be at the epistle or right side, which is unusual. It is suggested as a model for a Catholic church on a large scale. One feature in it is the enormous thickness of the nave-aisle walls, which are deep enough to be formed into chapels. Another interesting church is the one that belonged to the Dominicans at Toulouse. It is divided by a row of columns down the centre, so that there is no nave. This arrangement is supposed to have been adopted to separate the sexes. There is a series of small chapels around the outer wall in the interior, and for a part of the exterior. In

the east end of the cathedral of Alby we have an arrangement which is also suggestive.

We have next several plates, illustrative of parts of buildings. One is from the cloisters at Tarragona, in which round and pointed arches and traceried circles are well combined. The Tresor at Caudebec shows work of later type. Some beautiful altar tombs from Burgos and Toledo are given, as well as grandiose altars from Spain. Their effect is partly due to the treatment of the pinnacles, and a page of pinnacles from York, Lichfield, Caen, and Rouen does not seem out of place in this part of the book. The triangular porch at Ratisbon, the king's tomb in St. Chiara, Naples, the doors from Burgos, suggest what Gothic was when there was no necessity for the designer to be hampered by finance. Several examples of the 'sacrament house' are also examples of that happy condition of affairs. The skill of the old masons in grappling with difficult problems of stone-cutting is suggested by the stairs of Heidelberg, Stutgard, and Chartres. The cantilevers at Caudebec and the corbelled windows at Marburg bring us once more back to Cairo. Then we have plate after plate to indicate the variety of ways in which roofs are treated in the old German towns. They are followed by examples of fire-places and windows, which may be called variations of the lintel. We have also valuable suggestions for secular buildings from Marburg, Rothburg, Angers, and Louvain. Diagrams are furnished of the tracery in about twenty windows of different types, and the concluding plates of the book are a magazine of interesting 'bits.'

From what we have said it is evident that Mr. Dunn has laboured in an extensive field, and it would be strange if he did not glean much that was overlooked by travellers who went over the ground before him. One of the most marked characteristics of the sketches is their freshness. Representations of the buildings may be found in many volumes, but, so far as we know, the majority of the subjects are given for the first time. Europe is so rich that it is not easily exhausted, and we hope that Mr. Dunn may on another occasion produce a second volume similar to the one that he has given. But every traveller will be ready to acknowledge that sketching is always easier on one's first visit. Afterwards the subjects appear to be familiar, and one is



likely to suppose that they are known to all the world. If Mr. Dunn should not give us more sketches, we hold ourselves indebted for what he has done.

Mr. Dunn's volume of sketches is exactly the kind of book that is useful in helping one out of a difficulty. From the variety and excellence of the subjects, the pages can hardly fail to offer something that will be suggestive whenever they are consulted. The subjects are not indiscriminately taken, but have been selected because they appeared to be worth possessing as materials for practice, and we are confident that not a single page in the volume will be considered superfluous."

We may add that some of the plates probably suffer from their being transferred by the process of tracing from a pencil sketch to the harder forms of black and white. The book, while it is a monument of patient study and a constant reminder of the high ideals of our predecessors, is also an earnest that the work of Mr. Dunn will continue to be worthy of the examples he has studied with so much persistence and enthusiasm.

EUSTACE BROWNE.

## Catholicism and Evolution.

THE meaning of evolution is very aptly conveyed by the etymology of the word itself, which is derived from two Latin words, *e* and *volvo*, which signify to unfold or unroll. The theory of evolution is the theory that the history of the universe is not one of being moulded or fashioned from without, but one of unrolling or unfolding by the action of powers contained within itself. The non-evolutionist regards the world as a machine requiring and receiving external interpositions, and considers that it is as incapable of reaching its destination without them as plants are of bearing flowers and fruit without the sun. The evolutionist views the vast spectacle as a drama, the action of which is self-supporting. The characters—the physical forces and the chemical elements—are, he considers, so admirably fitted to their parts, that once they are put on the stage, no prompting is needed, but the play works itself out to its conclusion.

Such is the general nature of evolutionism, and as there are in nature three great departments—inorganic nature, life, and mind,—so there are three divisions or compartments of evolutionary speculation.

The first of these is the theory of Inorganic Evolution, which deals with the evolution of inorganic nature—that is, of the chemical elements and their compounds, of stones, rocks, minerals, the geological strata, seas, continents, mountain ranges, the earth, the sun, the other planets and the satellites. Like the two other divisions of evolutionism, it necessarily demands a basis, and involves a process of development from that basis. Its basis or starting point is the plausible idea of a primordial nebula. It is supposed—and there is much to be said for the

supposition—that the first beginning of the solar system was a widely diffused mist or nebulous mass containing within itself in germ all the chemical substances, and all the physical forces of non-living nature; and the process of development from this basis is gathered by following out what would have happened had the ordinary laws of inorganic matter been left to act on the nebulous mass and comparing the results with the facts as far as they are known. The mass would condense, on account of the attraction of its parts to their common centre of gravity. By condensation it would become heated, even if it were not so originally. It would begin to revolve, since it would be practically impossible that every fall of a particle to one side of the centre in the process of contraction should be exactly compensated by an equal fall of another on the opposite side. The rapidity of its rotation on its axis would increase as the contraction proceeded, and in virtue of what is often called centrifugal force, it would assume a plate-like or disc-like form. By further contraction it would from the same cause leave behind it at various points rings or masses of its own matter; and while the great central mass went to form the sun, these rings or minor masses left behind would condense into lesser spheres, which it can be proved would revolve round the central body and round their own axes in the same general direction as it revolved round its axis.

One of these minor masses, according to the theory, was what afterwards became the earth, which at first was connected with the moon, but left the matter of our satellite behind as it contracted, repeating on a small scale the course of events which had led to the separation of the planets from the sun. The matter of the earth gradually farther cooled and contracted, till from being to a large extent gaseous through heat, it became liquid. The cooling process continuing, scums or crusts solidified on the surface of the molten mass, and sank into it, till on the substratum thus formed a permanent crust was created, at first thin and hot,



and afterwards thicker and cooler, but still allowing the internal heat slowly to escape. The matter within continuing to contract from this continual loss of heat, the crust necessarily wrinkled over it; and these wrinklins, together with the volcanic action attendant on the fractures of the crust by which they were attended, are, according to the theory of inorganic evolution, the sea-beds, continents, and mountain ranges—the great inequalities of the earth's surface. When the temperature of the surface approached the point at which water boiled, the vapours contained in the heated atmosphere began to fall as rain; evaporation became slower; the sea-beds were filled with water, streams flowed, and tides rose and fell; and the land rose higher or changed its contour as the wrinkling of the crust proceeded. But as yet there was no life. Only the air with its currents and the sea with its waves; the rocks being disintegrated and mud and sand formed, and countless chemical compounds being put together and pulled to pieces again by the ever-varying action of the physical forces of inorganic nature. Such is the theory of inorganic evolution. It is a grasping together, and bringing under the evolutionary formula, of the chief current speculations with respect to the early history of the solar system in general, and with respect to that of the earth in particular, and it may accordingly be divided into two parts, a cosmogony and a geogony.

Now, looking at the theory of Inorganic Evolution by itself, it is patent that it contains nothing in the least degree inconsistent either with natural or revealed religion. If inorganic nature could have evolved itself from a nebular mass prepared and adapted beforehand, or, in other words, just so constituted that it would produce, by mechanical and chemical laws, an earth with an atmosphere respirable by living beings, water to make oceans and seas, and the components in the soil which are needed for the maintenance of life—the changes of day and night, the seasons, and the whole framework and setting in which living

beings exist—no reason can be imagined why Almighty God should not have proceeded in this manner. Such passages of Holy Scripture as “Let there be light, and there was light,” “God made a firmament,” “Let the waters that are under the firmament be gathered together into one place,” cannot be cited against the hypothesis that these things and the like resulted from secondary causes, because, as is well known, Holy Scripture continually represents what is due to natural causes as due to the will of the Creator. Natural causes act only as they are held in the hand of God. He not only created them, but conserves them in their powers and activity. Whatever they do, consequently, He does ; and the sacred writers, whose business it was to convey the religious lesson of the world, necessarily expatiate on this feature. As it was not their office to teach the details or mechanism of the system of natural causes, they view them only as agents of divine providence, and pass them by under any other aspect, to reach at once the religious lesson with which alone they have to do.

The difficulties with respect to the theory of inorganic evolution emerge only when it is attempted to make it part of a general and rigid evolutionary system. For on such a system there was no interposition of divine providence either in the formation of the primordial nebula, or in the production from it not only of inorganic nature, but of life and mind. The nebula (on such a system, I mean) was not so designed beforehand that an inorganic world fitted to be the theatre of life would result from the collocation of its parts. It resulted from the dissolution of a preceding universe ; that preceding universe resulted from a prior nebula, and so on *ad infinitum*. Now this is, logically, to reduce all things to chance. It is also impossible because in an infinite past time, the forces of the universe would fall into equilibrium. And we cannot regard life and mind as evolved from inorganic nature without falling into unreal and even whimsical ideas either of life and mind, or of inorganic nature itself.

The second division of evolutionism, the theory of vital evolution, deals with the development of living organisms, whether plants or animals. The basis from which it starts in a completely evolutionary view of nature, is the spontaneous generation of some simple initial forms of living beings from which the rest might be produced by a series of modifications. We must beware of the mistake that any notion of causelessness is here intended to be conveyed by the use of the word spontaneous. I do not say that rigid evolutionism does not *de facto* reduce everything to chance ; but, nevertheless—inasmuch as the central idea of evolution is that every state of the universe has grown out of the preceding state according to natural laws by which it could not but be produced—nothing could be farther from the mind of any evolutionist than to represent life, mind, the primordial nebula, or anything else, as due to chance or to accident. By spontaneous generation is meant, merely, that the first living beings originated from non-living matter without supernatural interposition. Spontaneous life-origin, or abiogenesis, as it has been appropriately called, is vital to complete evolutionism. The weakness of the evolutionary theory is that its strength and symmetry are destroyed by the admission of any one supernatural intervention—in the constitution of the primordial nebula, for example, in the origin of life, in its subsequent development, or in the origin or the development of mind. For if there has been one intervention, why not two, why not a thousand ? If other factors besides evolution have been operative in the history of the world, how can we tell that they were not at work even where evolution can give an explanation ? The principle is broken, and the explanation ceases to be the only one.

It may be said that a supernatural interposition, being in other words a miracle, is improbable, and that the supposition of a merely natural course of events is to be preferred ; but there is a fallacy in that way of putting the matter, for whenever anything is improbable, the meaning is not that it will never happen, but



that it will happen only in a small proportion of instances ; not that it will in no case occur, but that it is more likely than not to occur somewhere, if a sufficiently large number of instances be taken ; and we have then, if we can, to dissect the instances, and see where it will happen and where it will not. Thus if an event were so improbable that the odds against it were nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to one, this would mean that on a long average it might be expected to happen once in a million times, ten times in ten million times, and so on. Similarly of higher improbabilities. So that the meaning of saying that a miracle is improbable is not that miracles can never happen, but on the contrary, that they have happened, the number of instances or events in the universe being, practically speaking, infinite. It would not be wise to lay the chief stress on the non-existence of abiogenesis. The spontaneous origin of life has of late years been diligently and repeatedly looked for by countless experimenters, especially in connection with the germ theory of disease. Every device has been employed to tempt, as it were, life to make its appearance. Solutions of the most nutritive materials have been carefully prepared, have been modified in every likely and practicable way that imagination could suggest, and have been kept in circumstances and at temperatures known to be favourable to the growth and multiplication of living beings. But all with no result. No speck of living matter ever appears in them. This, then, is an argument against the spontaneity of life. But it would be easy to make too much of it. For it is only a negative argument. The organisms on which the experiments have been tried, have chiefly been a highly specialised group of fungi, which no one supposes to have been the first of living beings ; and from the nature of the case they cannot be tried with respect to the deep sea monera, which apparently stand nearer the beginning. Nor can we reproduce the circumstances under which life first appeared in the world's

history. But it certainly did not first present itself in a test-tube half full of chicken broth. Yet, if complete evolutionism does not here run upon a demonstrable falsehood, it calls on us to take a side which appears to be at present against the weight of evidence.

The second part of the theory of vital evolution is the theory of descent—that animal and vegetable species, instead of having been separately created, are descended from the first simple living beings which originated by spontaneous generation. That this is so, is, as many of you are aware, argued firstly, from the way in which species shade into each other, and from the trivial distinctions on which, consequently, naturalists often have to rely in distinguishing them. This of itself might show no more than that naturalists' species are often needlessly multiplied; that someone discovers a beetle or a butterfly which is really merely a slight variant on other beetles and butterflies, and exalts himself or a friend by naming it the *Staphylinus* or the *Vanessa* of Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Nor does anyone doubt that there has been a very great deal of this kind of thing.

Again, species might be not like putty, but like springs, and seeming to shade into each other only because they were subjected to different degrees of pressure or coercion from the surrounding circumstances. This first argument, however, is only introductory to others. It is urged that the classification of living beings—the way in which they group themselves into what, are suggestively called sub-kingdoms, and tribes, and families, like families of languages or races of mankind—the kind of differences which the various kinds exhibit, exactly analogous to, though on a larger scale than, those which are observable among descendants of a common stock, point to origin by common descent and modification. This argument might be turned by appealing to the need for orderly variety in a divinely created universe. On any hypothesis, it would be to be expected that the results would be of this description; but if so, it might be

retorted, why should we not suppose the ordinary means to have been taken to bring them about? It is argued, again, that the geological succession of living beings, the order in which, as far as we can learn from geological evidence, they appeared on the earth's surface, is what would follow from an evolutionary view of their origin; and it may be replied that divine providence, working gradually up to a pre-determined end, might be expected first to have introduced the lower and simpler forms. But in the long ages which preceded the advent of man, had the temporarily appearing pre-existent forms no other function than, as it were, to kill time? Had they not, the evolutionist insists, any preparatory function? And if they had, what could it be but to be the materials for farther advance? A fourth argument is derived from the fact that the extinct animals in the different regions of the earth—in Europe, for example, Australia, and South America—are, where the fossils of these regions have been examined, precisely those from which the existent species in those regions would have been derived on an evolutionist hypothesis respecting their origin. The reply at once suggests itself that if a given area is favourable to certain animals now, it is not extraordinary that it should have been favourable to similar animals in the past; though with respect to the vast majority of wild species, most of which have been seen only by naturalists, we do not know, and in the nature of the case cannot expect to know, why exactly it is that they thrive in one locality more than in another.

But, again, this reply will not cover the details of the case. And the same may be said of a reply which may be made to the final argument that the higher animals show in their organisation, and show especially when they have not yet reached maturity, rudiments or remnants of organs which in them have no assignable use or purpose—as, for example, the muscles to move the ears or those to move the great toe as the thumb is moved—but which are found in the forms from the like of which the higher



species were derived on an evolutionary hypothesis, and are readily explicable on the theory of descent. It may be retorted that such phenomena may possibly be phenomena of growth independent of inheritance. That an animal which in the course of its individual development passes through simpler to more complex forms, must necessarily resemble the lower members of the animal kingdom more closely at an earlier than at a later period, and must do so whether it was descended from them or not. That the special materials of each kind of tissue may be regarded with respect to the other tissues as a surplus material formed in the processes of nutrition and left over when they have been supplied. That, in fact, if the occult causes which are grouped together under the name of inheritance to explain the phenomena, are called in, they must act in this way, by impressing on the organism a habit of making superfluous tissue in a given situation. That how inheritance is to be chemically or mechanically interpreted is altogether unknown, and that we by no means know, therefore, that it can be the only cause of these apparent physiological superfluities, which may accordingly be necessities of growth arising from the play of molecular forces within an organism which is developing on particular lines, and may be quite unconnected with inheritance. But here, also, the alternative explanation, while possible, is too vague and unsubstantial effectively to detain the mind, and does not enable the facts to be predicated and correlated, and to be more easily remembered by being grouped together.

These considerations, taken together and calmly weighed, show, I conceive, that vital evolution has played a great part in making the world of living beings what it is to-day. But to say that it had done everything, would be to draw an enormous cheque on our ignorance of the details of the past. It is well to remember that no theory which pretended to explain the whole sum of things by any one principle, has ever proved more than a fancy—the hobby of some age of mankind, or the dream of

some philosopher, or school of philosophers. Such speculations were common enough in the infancy of knowledge—referring everything to water or moisture, as Thales did, or to fire, or air, or the indefinite, or love and hate, or the twisting fall of atoms, as the epicureans did. They all fell short of the complexity of nature. We may very reasonably ponder whether too much is not made of evolution when we are asked to accept it as a philosophers' stone or an universal solvent; and asked so to accept it before it has stood any test of time, while it is still in its first enthusiasms, and before it has endured for the allotted span of a single human life. Everything of the same kind, from the physics of Thales to the logic of Hegel, has uniformly turned out to be utterly fallacious. The universe presents not one problem, but an innumerable multitude; and on the mere principles of the calculation of chances, it is indefinitely unlikely that they are all to be solved in just the same way. There is every reason from all past history to suppose that that idea is a dream; though if the patrons of a theory were not enthusiasts in its favour, some at least of its recondite, and at first sight unlikely, applications would be likely to be missed, and the body of human knowledge would be so much the poorer.

I will not now speak of the third and by far the weakest part of evolutionism, the theory of mental evolution. Like the preceding divisions, it supposes a starting point or basis, and a development from that starting point. The development is an evolution of the mental faculties, *pari passu* with those of the bodily faculties of living beings; it is a kind of traductionism. The starting point is a sort of spontaneous generation of mind; leading up to the question, what must be the essence of inorganic nature, if mind can be, not superadded to, but evolved from it? The same question naturally occurs also with respect to the asserted spontaneous origin of life; for the fact of spontaneous life origin, could it be proved, would not determine the problem of life. It would only conduct to the question, "What

is the *rationale* of this production of the living from the non-living? Are we to interpret it as an infusion of life, or as an evolution?" and if an evolution, the significance of that evolution would have to be connected with the alleged evolution of mind from the same source. So that the conclusion of a completely evolutionary theory seems to be that the inorganic world is living and mental, and one test of such a theory would be whether that conclusion is corroborated by or antagonistic to the phenomena of chemistry and physics. It need scarcely be said, that it is in total antagonism to them; but in a general view such as that which has here been sketched, elaboration of this particular point would be out of place.

ROBERT FRANCIS CLARKE.



## A Famine of Fun.

ANYONE who casually runs his eyes over a comic paper, or who seeks for relaxation in the "funny" columns of a provincial "Weekly," will perforce come to the conclusion that the British public is easily amused. "Wit and Humour," "Flashes of Fancy," and such like, are the attractive headings to these last mentioned columns, and one prepares to laugh long and loudly at the merry conceits beneath. But the result is very much the same as that which frequently attends the opening of a bottle of ginger-beer at a pic-nic. There are elaborate preparations, everyone prepares for a loud report, immediately followed by a delightful fizz and sparkle—and, after all, *it doesn't pop*. In like manner, to those critically inclined, the quality of the mirth provided for their entertainment must seem occasionally a little disappointing. Topsy husbands and scolding wives pall on one after a time, and even the sly hits at the school-board, and the latest clever things from Yankeeland have a depressing effect when taken in large doses.

As for Pat—hapless Pat, who is of all others the favourite peg on which to hang small witticisms—nobody who has the slightest acquaintance with the real Irish peasant could possibly consider these caricatures of him either life-like or amusing. The "brogue" for instance is universally considered to be fair game for jokers, but it is strange how seldom the peculiarities of Paddy's diction are represented with any sort of accuracy. Who ever heard an Irishman speak of "the *praist*" for example? He can tell you of a "*quare*" thing if he is put to it—he will admire an "*illigant joke*"—he has even been known to ask for "*a clane*

*pleat if ye playse ;*” but he knows where to draw the line as well as anybody, and with every respect for “his *riverence*,” he absolutely declines to acknowledge “the *praist* !” That Pat has a weakness for “bulls” is undeniable (always excepting *John Bull*, I was going to say, but I think it has been said two or three times before—so I won’t), but not of the kind with which we are so constantly regaled in print. Anyone who takes the trouble to look into the matter will find that Pat is not so stupid as he seems. There is often a good deal of shrewdness in these queer speeches of his, and his meaning is perfectly clear to himself, though he does not always manage to convey it to other people. I may mention a case in point that came under my own notice some years ago.

I was living in one of the midland counties of Ireland, far from any town or village, and the supplies in the house happening to run short I was informed on competent authority that there would be “nothing for dinner to-morrow.” After anxious consultation with the cook, I sallied forth to a certain cottage in the neighbourhood where I was told “they reared beautiful chickens,” and ordered a couple to be sent home at once. The owner, a stout thick-set man, with very bright eyes and a somewhat surly expression, listened to my request in silence, and suddenly catching hold of a pair of long-legged, shrieking chickens that were blissfully scratching in the manure heaps, held them up for my approbation.

“Yes, they will do very well,” I said, glancing at the poor victims ; then my housekeeping instincts getting the better of my compassion, I asked the man to kill them at once so as to ensure their being tender.

“Kill them? Faith an’ I won’t,” he replied. “Sure they can do that at the coort. It isn’t my business, so it isn’t, to do it at all.”

“Oh, do *please* !” I entreated meekly. “We want to eat

them to-morrow, and they won't be fit if they are not killed at once."

He remained obdurate, however, for some time, but at last exclaimed, with the air of one who was making a great concession—

"Well, I'll tell ye what—I'll cut the heads off o' them if ye like, but *that's all the killin'* I'll do on them!"

Here was an Irish bull with a vengeance! Doubtless the above-mentioned little operation would be sufficient for my purpose, and it was not likely that the fowl would require any further finishing off! But that was not in the least what the man had in his mind, and so I knew. He meant to warn me that he did not consider himself bound to pluck, truss, and otherwise prepare the chickens for table, all of which he concluded formed part of the "killin'," and naturally came within the province of the cook and her myrmidons.

To quit this somewhat grisly subject, and to return to the British public, one cannot help admiring the long-suffering patience which it displays towards those who cater for its amusement. Turning from the funny columns aforesaid (which after all only occupy a small place in papers otherwise devoted to matters of general interest) to those exclusively "comic" journals, every line of which is supposed to be provocative of mirth, one is still more forcibly struck with this benevolent forbearance. The respectability of the jokes therein contained is unimpeachable, but it is that respectability which is conferred by extreme antiquity, and therefore like most old fogeys they are apt to be a trifle dull. There are some witticisms, however, of which the public seems never to tire, though they are not overpoweringly funny in themselves, and gain nothing from constant repetition. The collars of the "Grand Old Man," for instance, will they *never* wear out? Apparently the jests about them never will, and no one ever seems to weary of seeing them caricatured in



every comic paper. Before the collars came in, the ex-Premier's trousers were, if I remember aright, inexhaustible funds of mirth for our British humorists, who were wont to depict them of plaid of the largest possible pattern, as being tastefully suggestive of the Right Honourable gentleman's Midlothian career.

Trousers—*celà passe encore*—from time immemorial they have been invested with a certain comicality of their own ; but *collars*—surely that is going too far ! This is indeed a suffering age, and few respect the privacy to which even the most prominent personages are entitled ; but when concerns sacred to a man and his laundress are held up to the prying eyes of the public, surely it is time to draw the line ! If we don't stop at collars to-day, perhaps we sha'n't stop at cuffs to-morrow, and considering the revolutionary spirit of the times there is no knowing where it will end !

*Apropos*—what endless amusement certain society papers seem to find in ridiculing the Royal Family. Times are changed since "carosse" altered its gender, because of a slip of the tongue of the great Louis. Now if a great personage makes a mistake of any kind, it is chronicled all over the country with comments the reverse of respectful. Royalty cannot smile or frown, have its little joke or give way to its little tempers, without submitting to the jibes of a score or so of jocund spirits. It is not even allowed to grow fat in peace, though the meanest subject is privileged to do so ; but while Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith may annually add a stone to their weight, "and no notice taken," the Royal rotundity is freely and severely criticised.

However, everyone to his taste. In this free and enlightened country everybody can please himself, and with a commercial spirit that is truly British, those who cater for our relaxation endeavour to suit their wares to the market. Therefore, one cannot help an occasional feeling of surprise, that the matter provided for an entertainment is often so extremely dull. If we

pride ourselves on anything, it is on our sense of humour. In our earliest childhood have we not perceived and appreciated Edward the Second's dreary little joke about his tears being "clean warm water," when he was invited to shave with liquid mud? (Poor, dear man! I wonder if he made many such jests, because, if so, one can almost understand his exasperated enemies putting him out of the way.) 'Arry is nothing if not facetious, and the travelling Englishman may be distinguished among tourists of all countries by his witty remarks at table-d'hôte. Beginning with the salt-spoons, and lightly touching on such pleasing subjects as "rat-pic" and "roast-horse" (for one never knows what may be in these made-up messes), is not the Briton the life and soul of the company?

Since we are thus endowed by nature with such an appreciation of humour, is it not strange that some of our comic papers are such depressing things? Even Mr. Punch himself—with every respect for him—*might* occasionally be a little livelier. Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns is a most estimable female, to whom one wishes every success (and really considering the number of years she has been entertaining duchesses, and sponging on Lady Midas, one would think her social triumph must, by this time, be a "*fait accompli*"), but is she not, on the whole, like Mrs. Wilfer, a little wearing? It is, of course, a matter of congratulation that, through the offices of this well-meaning little person, we are so constantly brought into contact with the nobility. It is something after all to hob-nob with duchesses, and to turn up our noses at self-made millionaires, and therefore we should perhaps excuse Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns's occasional dulness, by saying to ourselves, as a certain Irishman was once overheard to remark at a charity-concert: "We're in the height of society here!"

Of course, I would not dare to assert that there is not always *something* funny, not only in the pages of Mr. Punch, but even in

those of less distinguished humorists ; but what I do complain of is, that there is so very much that is not amusing at all. When I buy a comic paper I expect to laugh ; and when I *don't* laugh I have the same sense of being cheated that the labourer felt who returned sober from a new public-house. " I've been there a matter of two hours—I've spent over a shilling—and *I'm not drunk yet !*"

M. E. FRANCIS.



## John.

THERE was no sound in the house where Cousin Bently had been left, but the occasional whining and barking of the imprisoned John in the next room ; no sound outside except when a carriage rolled swiftly by in the road. He saw no person coming. It was impossible to endure that thirst any longer. He went into the bathroom, and wet his hands and face, and drank of the tepid water there. His head reeled at sight of the stairs, and he did not dare to attempt to descend. Returning to his chamber, he fell on to the sofa, and, for the first time in his life, fainted ; coming back to life again as though emerging from outer darkness, but not into light—into a sickening half-light, rather. So hours passed, and he knew without a doubt that he was utterly deserted, and that a lonely and terrible death threatened him.

Could he do nothing to avert it? He recollected that Mrs. Clay had a medicine closet in the bath-room. Possibly, if he could reach it, something might be found there to relieve, if not to cure, him. What mountains molehills can change into sometimes! This man, so strong and full of life but a day before, now lay and gave his whole mind to planning how he should save himself a few steps in going to the bath-room again, how he could avoid the stairs, lest he should fall, and whether he could this time cross the corridor to release that troublesome, whining dog. Whenever, weary and confused, he lost himself a moment in a half sleep, that whining and scratching assumed terrible proportions in his imagination, and became the fierce efforts of wild beasts to reach him. He started up now and then, with wide open eyes, to assure himself that he was not in a

menagerie ; to fix in his mind the picture of that airy chamber with its clear tints of green and amber, its open windows showing the long veranda outside, and the bright perspective of foliage and sky. But when his eyelids drooped again, and he sank back into half sleep and half fainting, back came the painful phantoms to torment him till they were once more chased away for a time.

Toward evening he roused himself to make that difficult pilgrimage of fifty paces in search of healing and refreshment, bathed eagerly his face and head, and found his cousin's medicine closet. But when he had reached that, his strength was nearly exhausted. He had only enough left to take down the laudanum bottle, and get back to his room with it. Laudanum might dull this pain, and quiet the excited nerves. Once more John must wait. He could not stop to release him.

The room in which the dog was confined had a window on the balcony that ran past Mr. Bently's room. That window was open, but the blind was shut, and John, despairing of escape through the door, had turned all his efforts toward unfastening this blind, and had several times been near success, when the spring flying back, had defeated him.

The invalid's bath of cold water had refreshed him somewhat. He hated to take the laudanum. He had never been an intemperate man, and had always shrunk from swallowing anything which could in the least degree isolate his mind from the control of his will. He would bear the pain a little longer.

He lay there and thought, and visions of happy homes rose up before him. At this hour of early twilight, the lamps were being lighted, or people sat by firelight, and children, grown languid and sleepy with the long day's play, leaned silent on their mothers' laps. At this hour, men of thought, intellectual workers, laid aside the weightier labours of their profession to indulge in an exhilarating contention of wits, so much happier than other workers, in that their recreations do not retard, but

rather accelerate their work. It is but dancing at evening with Terpsichore, or pacing with Calliope along the margin of the same road which he had travelled by day in a dusty chariot, or walked encumbered by his armour. In their lighter intellectual contests, what parts were sometimes struck out to live beyond the moment that gave them birth! What random beams of light shot now and then into seeming nothingness, and revealed an unsuspected treasure!

All these scenes of social comfort and delight rose before the sufferer's mind with tantalizing distinctness, fairer and fuller in the vision than he had ever known the reality to be. He felt like a houseless wanderer who, freezing and starving in the street, sees through lighted windows the warmth and joy of the home circle.

Mr. Bently was not a pious man. He had a deep sentiment of reverence, and a firm belief that somewhere there is an inflexible truth that deserves an obedience absolute and unquestioning. But controversy had spoiled him for religious feeling, which is, perhaps, too delicate for rough handling, and in the clash of warring creeds some freshness and spontaneity had been lost to his convictions. Reaching truth, winning battles for truth, he had been like a traveller at the end of a long journey, when he scarcely cares in his weariness for the goal attained, but must needs eat and sleep. He had spent too much time and strength in wiping away the mire flung on the garments of religion to be any longer quick in enthusiastic homage. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." The butterfly you would save from the net loses the down from its wings with your most careful handling; the friend you defend from calumny you dethrone even while defending. The feeling that dictated that brutal egotism, "Cæsar's wife must not be suspected," dwells in a less arrogant form in most human hearts, and rare indeed is that soul which sets its love as high, after even the most triumphantly refuted accusation, as it was before.

Desertion and imminent death chilled this man's heart, and he



had no mind to turn to God save in a cold recognition of His power and wisdom. Love entered not into his thoughts, but despair did.

The pain increased, the dizziness came back. He stretched his hand for the glass and vial of laudanum, and tried with a shaking hand to pour out what he could guess to be an ordinary potion. There is no reason why he should suspect that that bottle might have been standing in the house so long as to have made even the smallest dose of its contents deadly. As he measured, and tried to recollect how much he should take, pouring out unknowingly what would have been for him Lethe indeed, a louder rattle and bang at the blind of the next room proclaimed the success of the four-footed prisoner. There was a scampering on the veranda, a dog's head, eager and bright-eyed, was thrust in at the window of the sick-room, then, with an almost human cry of joy, John flew at its occupant.

Away went bottle and glass, breaking and spilling—no laudanum for Mr. Bently that day. Down went Mr. Bently among the sofa pillows, prostrated by the unexpected onset; and love, and delight, and absolute devotion, in the form of an uproarious Skye terrier, unconscious and uncaring for risks, nestled in the breast of the deserted man, were all over his face and neck, and through his hair, and speaking as plainly as though human speech had been their interpreters.

When the man comprehended, recovering from his first confusion, reason and endurance stood aside and veiled their faces, and a greater than they took their place.

Through a gush of tears which were but the spray of a subsiding wave of bitterness, this soul raised its eyes, and beheld a new light. It lost sight of the Almighty in a vision of the Heavenly Father.

The night that followed was painful, but not unsoothed. The dog, perceiving at once that his friend was ill, became quiet. He lay with head pressed close to the restless arm, and if the

sick man moaned, he answered with a pitying whine. Once he left the room, and wandered through the whole house in search of help, whined and scratched at every closed door, and, finding no one, came back with an air of distress and perplexity. Later, when Mr. Bently seemed very ill, John ran out on to the balcony, and barked loudly, as if calling for relief.

Morning came again, and the sick man's pain gave place to a death-like faintness, resulting from lack of nourishment. For thirty six hours nothing had passed his lips but water, and that no longer ran from the faucet when he tried it. He crept down-stairs, stair by stair, holding by the balusters, like a little child. There was no water to be seen in the dining-room, and he did not know where to find any. He reached the parlour, lay down on the floor, and prayed for death or for life—anything to put an end to that nightmare of misery. It seemed that death was coming. His hands and feet grew cold with an unnatural chill, and, though the morning sunshine poured through the windows, all looked dim to his eyes. His senses seemed to be slowly receding, without pain, without any power or wish on his part to recall them. He lay and waited for death.

And while he waited, as one hears sounds in a dream he heard a door open and shut, then a quick, light step that ran up-stairs. John, standing over his friend, left him, and rushed to the parlour door, barking wildly, but was unable to get out, the door having swung to. In vain he tried it with his paws, and thrust his small nose into the crack. It was too heavy for him to move.

Suddenly, while Mr. Bently gazed with languid, half unconscious eyes at the creature, the door was pushed wide open, and a woman stood on the threshold. She was neither young nor old, but simply at the age of perfection, which is a variable age, according to the person. Her face was a full oval, but white now as hoar-frost. All its life seemed to centre in the large hazel eyes that were piercing with a terrified search. She wore her fair hair like a crown, piled high above her forehead in

glossy coils like sculptured amber. Over one temple a black and gold moth was poised, as though it had just alighted there, its wings widespread. The long black folds of a velvet robe fell about her superb form, sweeping far back from her swift but suddenly arrested step. Scintillating fringes of gold quivered against the large white arms, edged the short Greek jacket, and ran in a single flash down either side of the train. A diamond cross lay like a sunbeam on her bosom, a single diamond twinkled in each small ear.

There was but an instant's pause, then she crossed the room quickly, and knelt by him.

"My God! my God!" she murmured, and lifted his head on her arm. "What fiendish cruelty!"

Her touch and voice recalled him to himself. He tried to put her away. "Leave me, Marian, I beg of you! Do not endanger yourself for me!"

But even while bidding her go, every nerve in him grew alive with the joyous conviction that he would not be obeyed, and that, danger or no danger, she would not desert him. Here was strength, help, and the power to command. She brought the world with her, this queenly woman, who had not even snatched the gloves from her hands since last night's ball, but had hurried to seek news of him after the first confused rumour, to call doctor and nurse, to rush to him herself with all the speed her panting horses could make.

"Leave you? Never!"

He asked no questions, but resigned himself. How delightful the sickness, how sweet the pain, that led to this! How thrice blessed the desertion that gave her to him!

In half an hour, the doctor had come and given his decision. Mr. Bently's illness was merely a violent cold with fever, and a few days of careful nursing would make all right. In another half hour, he was established in a pleasant chamber in Mr. Willis' house, with a nurse in close attend-



ance, the whole family anxiously ministrant, John an immovable fixture in the sick-room ; and, later, Mrs. Marcia Clay besieging the house for news of poor dear Cousin Bently, and protesting and explaining to the very coldest of listeners, declaring that nothing but her duty to her family, etc. ; and what was the meaning of that broken bottle and glass, and ineradicable laudanum stain on the carpet in her house ? Was it possible that Cousin Bently had thought of taking any of that terrible stuff that she meant to have thrown away ages before ? And would they bring down John ? Arthur had asked for him.

Some one went to Mr. Bently's room for John, but came back without him. The invalid was reported to have flown into something like a passion on learning the messenger's errand, and to have held the dog firmly in his arms.

John was his ! No one else should have him. Whatever crime it might be called to refuse to give him up—stealing, embezzling, false imprisonment—he was ready to be accused and convicted of it, and would go to jail for it with the dog in his arms.

Mrs. Clay was enchanted to be able to oblige her cousin in such a trifle, and would he speak freely when he wanted anything ? and then went home and told all her family in confidence that Mr. Bently was a raving maniac.

Reader, according to our promises at the beginning of this history, we should stop here. The scene has changed, the time already exceeds twenty-four hours, and on y the characters remain the same. But we have not done. There is something more which we are pining to tell. Shall we stop, then, and perish in silence, rather than transgress rules made by a people "dead and done with this many a year," whose whole country, with themselves on it, could have been thrown into one of our inland seas without making it spill over ? No ! Perish the unities !

*Scene II.*—Large parlour, rosy-tinted all through with reflections from sunset, from firelight, and from red draperies. After-

dinner silence pervading, open folding-doors giving a view through a suite of rooms, in the furthest of which an old gentleman sleeps in his arm-chair. Or, perhaps, it is a picture of a library, with an old gentleman asleep in it. The stillness is perfect enough for that. Mr. Bently, convalescent, first dinner down-stairs since his illness, stands near a window looking out, but watchful of the inside of the parlour, and of a lady who sits at an embroidery-frame near the same window. The lady is superficially dignified and tranquil, but there is an unusual colour in the cheeks, and a slight unsteadiness in the fingers, which tell her secret conviction that something is going to happen. This is the first time the two have met since Miss Willis found the deserted man lying half senseless on Mrs. Clay's parlour floor.

He is thinking of that time now, and that an acknowledgment is due, and wondering how it is to be made, half a mind to be angry, rather than grateful, for the service. Such is man. All the bitterness of his lonely life rises up before him. Grey hairs are on his head, lines of age mark his face, but his heart protests against being set aside as too old for anything but dry speculation and love of abstract truth.

"I have been seeking for some proper terms in which to express to you my grateful sense of your humanity in coming to me when I was left sick and alone, but I cannot find them," he said at length, facing her.

"There is no need to say anything about it," she replied quietly, setting a careful silken stitch. "I could not have done otherwise."

Having begun, the gentleman could not stop, or would not.

"I am sure you meant well, but did you do well?" he went on. "Could you not have been content to send the doctor, without coming yourself? Did you reflect that you were apparently incurring peril, and that for a man who had a

heart as well as a head, and, worse yet, for a man whose heart had for years striven vainly to forget you? You have deprived me of the shield and support of even attempted indifference. I can no longer try to forget you, or think of you coldly, without the basest ingratitude."

Will the reader pardon Mr. Bently for expressing himself so grammatically? It was through the force of long habit, which even passion could not break. It is true that, according to Gerald Griffin, Juno herself, when angry, spoke bad Latin; but then, Juno was a woman.

*Allons donc.* We are ourselves interested in this conversation, and are pleased to observe that, though the speaker's moods and tenses are not flagrant, his eyes and cheeks are.

The lady glanced up swiftly with that smile, half shy, half mirthful, with which a woman who knows her power, and means to use it kindly, receives the acknowledgment of it.

"Why should you think coldly of me, or forget me?" she asked.

Mr. Bently met her glance with stern eyes. "Does a man willingly submit to slavery?" he demanded. He had not suspected Marian Willis of coquetry.

She looked down at her work again, the smile fading, but the mouth still sweet, slowly threaded her needle with a rose-pink floss, and said as slowly, "I do not wish you to forget me."

One who has seen the sun strike through a heavy fog, stop a moment, then fling it asunder, all in silence, without breath of breeze, but making a bright day of a dark one, knows how Mr. Bently's clouded face cleared at those words and the look of her who spoke them.

No more was said then. Enough is as good as a feast, and both tasted in that moment the full sweetness of a happiness the more perfect because apparently incomplete.

On one point our mind is made up—this story shall not



end with a marriage. A marriage there was, at seven o'clock one spring morning, in a little suburban church, with only three visible witnesses ; and the marriage feast was—be it said with all reverence and adoration—manna from heaven, the bread of Angels !

Mrs. Clay was, of course, shocked at this affair. Where was the *trousseau*, where the fuss, the presents that might have been, the rehearsal at a fashionable church, the organ music, the crowd of dear criticising friends, the reception, cake and wine, journey, what not—all the parade, weariness, and extravagance which have so often changed a sacrament into a ceremony ? Where, indeed ? They had no existence outside of the lady's disappointed wishes.

She did not even see what she called this "positively shabby Catholic affair," and we will not dwell on it. Turn we to the final scene.

Does the reader object that John bears too small a part in the story named for him ? On the contrary, the whole story is because of John. You have, perhaps, seen a picture of the procession at the coronation of George IV., pages and pages of magnificent persons, names, and costumes, the brilliant pageant of the long-extended *queue*, all because of one person in it. The simile is rather large, apparently, for use in this place, but only apparently ; for John's record is better than any king's, in that it is unstained.

A year has passed. In the midst of a fair area of gardens and trees stands a pleasant house. Only a window or two are open, for the spring is not yet far advanced. Underneath a large old pine tree not far from the porch, a hole has been dug, and at one side of it stands Mr. Bently, spade in hand, and at the other his wife. This little pit is lined with green boughs, and the lady stoops and carefully and soberly adds one more. On the heap of earth thrown up rests a box.

This much is visible to a young man who comes strolling

up the path from the gate. He pauses, and looks on in astonishment. He recollects having heard somewhere that Cousin Bently's dog John was accidentally shot, and that Mrs. Bently cried about it. Can it be possible that they are making a funeral over John? That would be too funny.

Mr. Bently stooped, took the box in his arms, and placed it carefully down among the green boughs. Standing upright then, he wiped his eyes, and muttered a trembling, "Poor fellow!"

"Good-morning!" said a brisk voice at his elbow. "I'm sorry Johnnie met with a mishap. Are you burying him here?"

The vapid, mean, supercilious face gave them both such a shock that they reddened and frowned. No one could have been less welcome at that moment than Arthur Clay.

Mrs. Bently answered his question with a brief, "Yes."

"Oh! well, there are dogs enough in the world," said the young man, meaning to be consoling.

"There are puppies enough!" muttered Mr. Bently, and began shovelling the earth savagely into the grave.

"Please go into the house, and wait for us, Arthur," the lady said, with polite decision. She had no mind to have this last touching rite spoiled by such an intrusion.

But young Mr. Clay was in an obliging mood. "Thank you; I'd just as soon stay, and rather. I never attended a canine funeral before."

There was a momentary silence, then Mrs. Bently spoke again, with still more decision and far less suavity: "On the whole, you must excuse us from seeing you any longer this morning. If you had gone to the door, the servant would have told you that we do not receive any one to-day."

The young man gave an angry laugh. "Oh! certainly! I wouldn't for the world intrude on your sorrow. Good-morning! It's a pity, though, that dogs are not immortal, isn't it? You might have John canonized."

Mr. Bently flashed his eyes round at the speaker. "What!" he thundered, "*you* immortal, and *my* DOG NOT!"

If they had been two Parratt guns, instead of two eyes and a mouth, Mr. Arthur Clay could not have retreated more precipitately.

The grave was filled in and covered over with boughs, two sighs were breathed over it, then the couple walked, arm in arm, slowly towards the house.

"He was a perfect creature!" Mr. Bently said, after a silence.

"Yes!" assented the wife. "Only he would bounce at one so."

"Marian," said her husband solemnly, "if it hadn't been for John's habit of bouncing at his friends, you would have had no husband."

It was well meant, but unfortunately worded. The lady pouted, being by no means an ideal, perfect, pattern woman, but only a natural and charming one, with varying moods and whims playing, spraylike, over the deeps of principle and religion. "Don't be too sure of that!" she made answer to him.

Mr. Bently never bristled with virtues when his wife made such remarks. He smiled now, full of kindness. "I meant to say that I should have had no wife," he corrected himself.

At that, the pout, which was only a rebellious muscle, not a rebellious heart, disappeared. "It means the same thing, you most patient of men!" exclaimed his wife fervently.

They reached the porch, and stood there a moment looking back to the mound under the pine-tree.

"It is a comfort to think," said the wife, "that for one year of his life we made him such a happy dog."

Then they went in, and the door closed behind them.

M. A. TINCKER.



## The City Man's Day-dream.

*Abridged from Horace, Epod. 2.*

“BLEST he, who far from business haunts can live  
As simpler men of old,  
His few paternal acres till, nor heed  
How funds are bought and sold.

“No clarion harsh upwakes him to the fight,  
His bark no tempest rends ;  
The wrangling forum shunn'd, no suit of his  
On patron's voice depends.

“Tranquil, the clustering vines his careful hand  
Weaves in the poplar spray,  
With richer graft blesses the grateful stock,  
And shreds the worse away.

“No far-sought dainties, foreign wing nor fin,  
On luxury's table blent,  
E'er to his simple vesper board could bring  
Such blithe well-earn'd content

“As this year's vintage, native and unbought,  
Cheering his temperate brow,  
Fresh herbs, light mallows, and the olive ripe  
Cull'd from the mellowest bough.

“ Sweet, 'mid the frugal meal, his flocks to see  
From pasture homeward throng,  
See the plough-wearied oxen trailing slow  
The upturn'd share along.”

Thus Alphius mus'd, who, tir'd of stocks and 'change,  
Would country life essay ;  
His funds he drew :—then, ere the month is out,  
Books a new quarter-day !

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.

## Delved from Dugdale.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY.

THE island of Avalon—the name takes us back to legendary time with which grave historians decline to deal, but which poets have made immortal by their records of the Round Table. Yet Avalon is no enchanted island, but a district in sunny Somerset, whereon still stand the ruins of the Cradle of Christianity in Britain, far famed Glastonbury, at one time England's *Roma secunda*.

Thus runs the legend: St. Joseph of Arimathea, that noble Senator, was, for the taking down of the Body of our Saviour from the Cross, put in prison by the Jews, but was thence miraculously delivered the night of the Lord's Resurrection; which so enraged his enemies, that they put him with Lazarus, Mary Magdalen, and Martha into a boat and turned them to sea without sail or rudder, when by God's providence they were driven to Marseilles. Joseph left his companions, and the next thing recorded of him is that he passed over into Britain with eleven others, one of whom was his son, also called Joseph, and another his nephew Helaïus, from whom King Arthur was descended. Joseph and his companions, after their landing, wandered into the interior, and rested half a mile from Glastonbury on a hill which still bears the name of "Weary all." There Joseph stuck his staff into the ground, and like Aaron's it burst forth in leaf and blossom, taking root although it was then the depth of winter, being Christmas eve, nor has this thorn ever since ceased to bud and blow at the same untoward season. A short time after this Joseph was admonished by the Archangel



Gabriel in a dream to build a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin, which he did of elder wands, thatched with hay. The twelve companions preached the gospel to a great number of Pagans ; and although Arviragus, the king of the country, was not amongst the converts, yet the legend says he gave Joseph and his disciples twelve hides of land, known to this day as Glastonbury-Twelve-Hides, on the Island Yns-wy-tryn or the "Glassy Island." This was uninhabited and full of briars, yet in a few years it was so well cultivated and filled with fruit trees, as to be called Avalon, or the Isle of Apples, from "Aval," apple.

Joseph, at his death, left disciples behind him, and Christianity was kept alive at Avalon until the advent of SS. Phaganus and Damianus, the legates of Pope Eleutherius, who converted King Lucius ; and finding this Christians ettlement in the midst of heathenism, persuaded him to confirm the grant made by Arviragus, and rebuilt the chapel of our Lady, adding another oratory of stone dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. They erected on a neighbouring hill, called Torr, a chapel in honour of St. Michael the Archangel, "that," in the words of the old annalist, John of Glastonbury, "he might have there honour on earth of men, who, at the command of God, should bring men to eternal honour in heaven." This chapel on the Torr remained until the dissolution a chantry where twelve monks sang the praises of God, in memory of St. Joseph of Arimathea and his disciples, and it had the privilege of a fair. Phaganus and Damianus erected also little cells for twelve holy anchorets, and these cells continued to be inhabited till 433, when St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, coming to Avalon, was elected Abbot by the existing community and gave them a more regular rule to live by. He rebuilt the two chapels of our Lady and St. Michael, and was followed by St. Benignus as Abbot, who was also his successor in the See of Armagh. In 530, St. David, Archbishop of Menevia, came to Avalon with seven suffragan bishops, and added another chapel to the existing ones, bestowing upon its altar a sapphire of

wondrous value which was amongst the spoils at the dissolution. Twelve years afterwards, St. David's nephew, Arthur Pendragon, "Uther's great son," was brought here mortally wounded, that he might prepare himself more perfectly for his departure from life in the society of the holy monks. True or mythical, the death of Arthur, or rather his mysterious disappearance, is enshrined for all time in Tennyson's immortal verse. But our forefathers were not content with the poetical vagueness of their nineteenth century descendants, and Sir Thomas Malory, in his "*Morte d'Arthur*," does not come to an end after relating the coming of the queens, and Arthur's removal to the barge. "Comfort thyself," said the King to Sir Bedivere, "for I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound, and if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul." Then after a time comes Sir Bedivere to a place where stands a chapel and a hermitage, wherein lives a hermit who was at one time "Bishop of Canterbury," and who tells him here is King Arthur buried, and shows him his tomb. The cause of all the woe, the frail queen, meanwhile does "penance sore" as a nun at Almesbury, and when Sir Lancelot tries to draw her from thence, she bids him leave her and seek to make amends by a life of penance for their joint sin. The king is dead and she must grieve as long as life shall last.

"Ah, my God,  
What might I not have made of thy fair world,  
Had I but loved thy highest creature there?  
It was my duty to have loved the highest ;  
It surely was my profit had I known,  
It would have been my pleasure had I seen ;  
We needs must love the highest when we see it ;  
Not Lancelot, nor another."

And Lancelot obeys, and seeking the hermitage, shrives himself to the bishop and takes the habit, remaining by the tomb of his betrayed king in fasting and prayer. Then after some years he

is warned in a vision that Guinevere is dead and that he is to bring her to Avalon to lay her beside her lord, and with seven others, "his fellows," he repairs on foot to Almesbury and finds her dead. So with prayer and "dirige" they carry her the thirty miles and lay her by King Arthur's side, while Lancelot himself says her requiem—which being ended, "he swooned with grief," and being reproached by the bishop makes answer, "This remembered me of their kindness, and my unkindness sank so into my heart that I could not contain myself." So Lancelot ends his days a monk at Glastonbury, though he was not buried there but at "Joyous Gard."

For six centuries Arthur and Guinevere lay undisturbed, when during some excavations their coffins were discovered and reinterred in the Presbytery of the Church with the following inscription by Abbot Swansea :—

"Hic jacet Arthurus, flos Regum, gloria regni Quem mores, probitas, commendant laude perenne;" and over the queen, "Arcture jacet hic conjux tumultata secunda, Quæ meruit cælos virtutem prole fecunda."

In John of Glastonbury we read :

"At Glastynbury on the Queer,  
They made Arter's tombe ther,  
And wrote with Latin vers thus,  
Hic jacet Arturus, rex quondam, rex qui futurus."

In time men believed, as is usual with popular heroes, that Arthur suffered only a temporary death and would come again to claim his crown. Finally in 1278, on the occasion of the visit of King Edward and Queen Elinor, another opening of the tombs took place and the bones discovered were reinterred in the presence of the king and queen; the leaden cross on the coffin, with the inscription, "Here lies the famous King Arthur, buried in the Isle of Avalon," was replaced, and a sumptuous



monument erected over the remains, which was destroyed at the dissolution.

After Arthur's death the Old English drove the British "into the sea," and destroyed all evidences of the Christian faith. Avalon survived, thanks to the morass by which it was surrounded and the difficulties it presented to the entrance of the enemy; and when Augustine converted the conquerors, he came to Avalon and gave the community he found there, the rule of St. Benedict, the Abbot then being a Briton, called Worgeret. In 630 St. Paulinus, Archbishop of York, driven from his diocese by the heathen invaders, after the death of King Edwin, came to Avalon, which now began to be known by its English name of "Glastn-a-byrig." He is said to have been a great benefactor to the abbey, rebuilding the church with timber and covering it with lead. Two Britons, Lademund and Beorgret, were succeeded by the first English Abbot, Brithwald, who has a place amongst the saints in the calendar, being that St. Brithwald who became first Abbot of Reculver, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

The incursions of the Danes succeeded for a time in destroying the religious life almost entirely—and although not so completely rased as the religious houses in the North, yet Glastonbury suffered with the rest, and it was one of the first to revive under the fostering care of King Edgar, and his great minister St. Dunstan. About 936, Dunstan, who was a native of the district, was appointed Abbot of Glaston, and made it his care to restore it to more than its ancient splendour. He induced the king to confirm to it all the privileges it possessed under a charter of King Ina, with many additions. This charter gave to the abbey "all hidden treasure *above* or *under* or *within* the ground;" also "Flemenfrede," or the right of sheltering a fugitive or outlaw, this right of sanctuary being one of Glastonbury's earliest privileges; it included not only the abbey, but also several, if not all, the churches dependent upon it. The charter

granted also another and singular privilege. Should the abbot or any monk of Glaston chance to meet a thief on the way to execution, he should have the right of snatching the culprit from punishment, in whatever part of the kingdom he might happen to encounter him.

This charter concludes with the fearful denunciation: "Sit passus et cum Dathan et Abiron, et cum Juda traditore Domini, et Juliano Apostata, ecclesiarum Domini oppressore et persecutore et etiam anathemate legatus, cum Diabolo et Angelis ejus infernalibus, ignibut perpetuo cruciandus, nisi resipiscat et emendat. Amen: Fiat." The king deposited the document on the Lady altar with half his ivory hunting horn as "livery of seizin," and this half horn is enumerated among the things found in the treasury by Henry VIII.'s visitors.

But Dunstan did far more than restore the merely temporal splendour of the abbey. He introduced a state of regular discipline, by reviving the rule of St. Benedict in the same manner as he had seen it practised in France, whence he also brought a congregation of monks, "so that," say the old annalists, "by the liberality of Edgar and the diligence of St. Dunstan, such a monastery was built and such regularity of life introduced, as England had never seen the like." He also obtained for his monks the privilege of choosing their own Abbots, so that the Bishop of Wells should have no jurisdiction in the election, which was confirmed by Pope John XIII. When Dunstan was sent into exile by Edwy, secular priests took possession of the Abbey and turned out the monks, but after a lapse of sixteen years Dunstan was reinstated, and with him the original community, and from that time Glaston grew and flourished exceedingly until its final downfall in 1539. In 1030 Canute the Dane went on pilgrimage to Glaston, and gave a rich pall, embroidered with apples of gold and pearls, to be laid on King Edmund Ironside's tomb. So great already was the renown of Glastonbury under the later Old English kings, that when one of its monks visited

the church of St. Denis at Paris, a priest of that church, finding what monastery the stranger was a member of, gently stroked his head and thus addressed him : " Here you behold the church of the most glorious martyr St. Denis, boasting in France the same dignity and the same founder (Christ) as Glaston does in England."

From the time of its re-establishment by St. Dunstan, Glastonbury emerges from the domain of legend into the full light of historic day, and when the Normans arrived we find it thus described in Domesday Book :

" The church of Glastonbury has in this Vill 12 hides which never were gelded (never paid the land tax called *danegeld*). The land consists of 30 carucates. Of this there are in demesne 6 hides, save half a virgate ; and there are 5 ploughs and 17 serfs, and 23 bordarers with 5 ploughs ; and there are 8 mechanics, and 3 arpents of vineyard, and 60 acres of meadow and 200 acres of pasture, and 20 acres of wood, and 300 acres of coppice. It is worth (annually) £20."

As it seems to have been the last British stronghold, so also its English inhabitants resisted the Conqueror stoutly, for which offence he mulcted them of some of their fairest manors and took their Abbot Egelnoth as a prisoner with him to Normandy, giving them in his stead a Norman superior, Thurstine, a Cluniac monk of Caen. Thurstine, however, behaved so badly and was so tyrannical that the monks rebelled, and the abbot called in the Norman soldiery, who slew several of the religious in the very church itself. For this, Thurstine was deposed and sent back to Normandy, but in the time of William Rufus he returned, having bought the abbacy of the king for five hundred pounds of silver.

Glastonbury became a great favourite of the Norman kings, and many and various are the charters granted to it. The Empress Maud confirms the right of the abbots of Glaston to



have a mint and to coin their own money ; Henry III. exempts the abbot, monks and church, with all their dogs, dependents and tenants, from the penalties of the Forest laws, a boon of great magnitude in those days when to kill a deer involved the loss of a hand or an eye. Three annual fairs are also granted, and were a fruitful source of revenue, bringing numbers of strangers to the town in addition to the crowds of pilgrims, who came to visit the numerous shrines and relics. Every now and again the avarice of the kings brings trouble, as when Henry II. after the death of Abbot Robert, appoints a "custos," or kind of lay abbot, to draw the revenues and pay them over to the king. But even this state of things did no harm to the Abbey, for one of these custodes, Ralph Fitz-Stephen, greatly added to the Abbey buildings, and looked well to the interests of the brotherhood.

In the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion began the great dispute between the Abbey and the Bishopric of Wells, which happened in this wise : When Richard was taken prisoner in Germany, one of the conditions of his release was that Savariacus, who was kin to the German Emperor, and at that time Archdeacon of Northampton, should be made Bishop of Bath and Wells, to which should be annexed the Abbacy of Glastonbury. In compliance with this, Henry de Saliaco, or Swansey, Abbot of Glastonbury was promoted to the see of Worcester, and Savariacus succeeding him annexed the Abbey to the see of Wells, calling himself Bishop of Glastonbury. But the monks, relying upon their undoubted right to elect their own Abbot, hotly opposed his appointment, electing in 1199 William Pike, who went to Rome to appeal to the Pope, and there died, not without its being suspected that he was poisoned by Savariacus' agents. The Bishop did not survive him long, and dying in 1205, bequeathed the quarrel to Josceline, his successor at Wells. It was only ended after a period of twelve years by the monks handing over to the Bishopric of Wells four manors and the patronage of five churches.

This agreement was made at Shaftesbury, on the octave day of St. John the Evangelist, 1218.

The Glaston Abbots seem to have been drawn from all classes of the community, some, like Henry de Blois, the brother of King Stephen, from the ranks of royalty itself, while the greater number were monks, esteemed merely for special virtue by their fellows. Among the community were architects and workers in metal (St. Dunstan himself was a goldsmith), artists, as well as mechanics of all kinds. The Abbey was a great workshop. The church was 594 ft. long, longer than any ancient ecclesiastical edifice in England, old St. Paul's excepted, which measured 631 feet. All that art could invent was lavished upon this magnificent successor to the little chapel of twigs, attributed to Joseph of Arimathea, and like it dedicated to the Mother of God. Amongst the numerous images of the Blessed Virgin, to one a peculiar sanctity was attached, from its being the subject of a remarkable miracle. "There is," says John of Glastonbury, "an image of the Holy Mother of God in high estimation and beautifully executed. A fire occurred in that part of the church wherein it was placed, which quickly consumed everything in the neighbourhood. When, however, the flame approached the hallowed spot where the image stood, as if afraid of her (*ipsam quasi expavescens*), it left the place untouched, so that not even the veil (*peplum*) which covered her head was polluted with the smoke." In process of time Abbot John Chynnok clothed the image anew, adorning it with gold, silver and precious stones, placing in the shrine beneath a large stock of relics which, together with the image and shrine itself, were carried in procession on the more solemn festivals. Besides this church, there was the beautiful chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea, some remains of which are still standing, as well as numerous other oratories and shrines, with the Abbot's house, the king's lodgings, the Fraternity, the sumptuous library (of which Leland says the contents amazed and almost struck him dumb),

with its marvels of caligraphy and illumination, and other buildings, in all covering sixty acres.

Nor did the community lavish all their money and skill upon their own abode, for it was the source of blessing to all the country around. Dr. Campbell, in his political survey of Great Britain, says: "An Abbot of Glastonbury raised the great sluice, by which a large district is defended from the waters, and another ran a causeway of stone and gravel eight miles long over the morass from Somerton to Bridgewater, which to this day is called from him Greylock's Fosse." Another Abbot gave a plentiful water supply to the town by means of underground pipes, also almshouses for both sexes, besides hospitals for pilgrims, one of which survives to the present day in the George Inn, and numerous other benefactions. A Protestant clergyman, Mr. Warner, bears witness to this universal benevolence when he says, "It is in their charitable establishments that we read the most favourable memorial of the English monasteries, for they are a standing record that the monks were exemplary in fulfilling that royal law, the law of brotherly love."

So through the centuries, Glastonbury flourished and did its appointed work, its Abbot, to whom the mitre was granted in the 13th century by the Pope, sat in the House of Lords as a spiritual Peer, second in dignity only to St. Albans, and when at home, meted out justice as a magistrate, stood up for the liberties of his tenants, as did Abbot John de Taunton against King Edward I., and was, as is said of another, "the father of his monks, whom he cherished as his dear children;" until early on in the reign of Henry VIII., Abbot Richard Beere, an ecclesiastic of high renown, whilom ambassador of the King to Rome, died, and Richard Whiting, Camerarius of the abbey, was elected in his stead in 1524. In naming him as the worthiest of all the monks for this high office, Cardinal Wolsey described him in the commission as "*probum et religiosum virum—virum itaque providum et discretum, vita moribus et scientia commendabilem,*" &c. Tradition fondly



cherishes his memory as that of a man mild, pious, benevolent, and giving offence to none. Called to fill a position inferior only to the princely state, "his apartment in the abbey," says Sandars, "was a kind of well disciplined court, where the sons of noblemen and gentlemen were sent for virtuous education, and returned home excellently accomplished. In his time he bred up three hundred after this manner, besides others of a meaner rank whom he had fitted for the universities. At home, his table, attendance and officers were an honour to the nation. He has entertained four hundred persons of quality at a time, and on Wednesdays and Fridays all the poor of the country were relieved by his particular charity. When he went abroad, which he seldom did, except to national Synods, General Chapters, and to Parliament, he was escorted by near six score persons. Besides a Peer, he was also a member of the Upper House of Convocation." Warner, who certainly cannot be said to be in favour of the old faith, acknowledges that he has been unable to discover anything blameable in the Glaston brotherhood at this period, and continues : "It is but common candour, and mere justice to the great body of the English monks at the time of the dissolution, to allow that many of the representations of their atrocities were abominable calumnies. If Fox, in his hatred of Popery, could enrol in his list of martyred Protestants, people who were actually living when he wrote ; if Fuller could record accusations against the monks, which appear upon their very front to be absurd ; it is not a matter of surprise that Henry's Visitors of the monasteries, knowing the temper of their employer and anxious to share in the spoils, should paint the intended victims in the most odious colours."

To Glaston came these Visitors, and Strype gives the ingenious words of one of them, Dr. Layton : "At Bruton and Glastonbury there is nothing notable. The brethren be so streit kept they cannot offend, but fain they would if they might as they confess and so the fault is not in them." This last clause as to the



monks' confession of their vicious inclinations requires no comment. But virtuous or vicious, the fate of Glastonbury was sealed. A letter signed by three of the Visitors was sent to Cromwell:—

Please it your Lordship to be advertised, that we came to Glastonbury on Friday last past—and for that the abbot now at Sharpham, a place of his a mile and somewhat more from the abbey, we, without any delay, went unto the same place . . . and examined him upon certain articles. And for that his answer was not to our purpose, we advised him to call to his remembrance, that which he had as then forgotten and so declare the truth. And then came with him the same day to the Abbey, and thereof now proceeded that night to search his study for letters and books, and found secretly laid a written book of arguments against the divorce of the King's Majesty to the Lady Dowager, which we take to be a great matter; as also divers pardons, copies of bulls, and the counterfeit life of Thomas Beckett. But we could not find any letter that was material.

As the upshot they find his answers betray “a cankered and traitorous heart against the King's Majesty, and so with as fair words as we could we have conveyed him from hence to the Tower, being a very weak man and sickly.” And then comes the real pith of the letter:

We have found £300 in money and a fair chalice of gold, and divers other parcels of plate which the Abbot hid secretly. We assure your Lordship it is the goodliest house of that sort that we have ever seen. We would that your Lordship would judge it a house mete for the King's Majesty—and we trust verily that there shall never come a double hood within this house again. Signed: Richard Pollard, Thomas Moyle, Richard Layton.

To London the Abbot was brought, very weak and sickly as he was, and here some say he signed the acknowledgment of the King's supremacy, but that “his hand trembled as he did it,”

while Fuller distinctly states "that he was hanged for his recusancy to surrender the abbey, and *denying the King's supremacy*." Sandars and Rayner say :

Abbot Whiting was sent for up to London, and upon declining to sign a surrender, his papers were searched, and a tract against the King's divorce found amongst them. When he returned from London, so far was he free from all apprehension, that he voluntarily went into the Court at Wells, where there was some county business. He took his place upon the bench, where, whilst he was sitting, he was, without the least notice given him, arraigned and condemned for treason ; but being suffered to go at large, he, on his way from Wells to Glastonbury, had a confessor put to him in his horse litter, and was told to prepare for death. He begged but a day or twos' reprieve for his further preparation, to recommend himself to the prayers of his Religious and to take his leave of them : which being absolutely denied, he was taken out of his litter, put upon a hurdle, and drawn up to the Torr, where he was hanged and quartered with two of his monks, John Thorne and Robert James, the one being treasurer, the other under treasurer of the monastery.

The following is the official return of the execution :

My Lord, this is to ascertain that on Thursday the 14th day of this present month (November, 1539), the Abbot of Glastonbury was arraigned and the next day put to execution with two other of his monks, for the robbing of Glastonbury Church, on Torr Hill, next unto the town of Glastonbury, the sd. Abbot's body being divided into four parts and head stricken off ; whereof one quarter standeth at Wells, another at Bath, and at Ilchester and Bridgewater the rest, and his head upon the Abbey gate at Glastonbury.

The bleaching bones of the last Lord Abbot of Glastonbury were doubtless a more unanswerable proof of the King's supremacy and the justice of his divorce than the most telling arguments of the royal theologians. Amongst the phantom monks who are

said to have haunted the tyrant's death-bed, one wonders was there one venerable form which, when the King last saw it in life was that of a man "very weak and sickly," and yet withal strong enough to witness to the truth, unto death.

The father done to death, the children were turned out of their home, receiving pensions varying from £6 to £4. The abbey was left deserted, and no grant was made of the site until, in the reign of Edward VI., it was bestowed upon Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, who enjoyed it for rather more than one year, when he too laid down his life on the scaffold; and after that time, though many essayed it, none have lived permanently within the enclosure of the abbey itself. In the reign of Mary, who recalled the Benedictines to Westminster under Dr. Feckenham, some surviving monks of Glastonbury petitioned the Queen to let them return to their ruined cloister. They asked only for the land which had been given to no one; but the scheme fell through. At this day the title of "Abbot of Glastonbury" is an honorary distinction conferred upon a member of the Anglo-Benedictine congregation.

The revenues of the abbey at the Dissolution were, according to Dugdale, £3,311 7s. 6d., and its temporalities lay in the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Devon, Dorset, Berks, Wilts, besides Wales and London. All these immense possessions were as lavishly dissipated as they had been unjustly obtained, and a local rhyme preserves the names of four of the families who were thus enriched:

"Horner, Popham, Wyndham and Thynne,  
When the Abbot came out, then they came in."

The buildings are thus described as existing at the suppression:

The great chamber, 72 feet long, 24 feet broad. The abbot's chamber. The 2nd chamber. The 3rd chamber. The 4th chamber. The 5th chamber. The high chamber called the king's lodgings. The wardrobe under the king's. The 3rd

chamber. The 4th chamber. Two chambers called the inner chambers.

THE PRIOR'S LODGINGS.

The hall. The kitchen. The chapel. The buttery. The Prior's chamber. The inner chamber. The bakehouse.

THE FARMERER'S OFFICE.

The hall. The buttery. The kitchen. The inner chamber. The cook's chamber. The still-house.

THE ALMONER'S HOUSE.

The inner chamber. The buttery. The new chamber. The chamber over against it.

ANOTHER OFFICE.

A hall. A chamber. A chamber called Paradise. The inner chamber.

THE FRIAR'S CHAMBER.

The doctor's chamber. The bishop's chamber. The chapel. The buttery. The monk's chamber. The parlour.

THE SEXTON'S OFFICE.

The chamber hung with green say. The jubilee's office. The Friary office. The dairy house.

THE SUB-ALMONER'S OFFICE.

The bakehouse belonging to the sub-almoner's office. The bishop's chamber. The inner chamber. The cellarer's chamber. The red chamber. The green chamber. The broad chamber. The chamber next to it. The white chamber. Paulett's chamber. A bed chamber. The middle chamber. The next chamber. The doctor's chamber. Another hall. The mill house. The bakehouse. The brewhouse. The armoury. The convent kitchen, 40 feet square. The Archdeacon's office. The gallery.



The sextery. A kitchen. Another chapel. The little parlour under the gallery. The great hall on the south side of the cloisters, 111 feet long and 51 broad, hung at the upper end with a great piece of arras. The pantry. The buttery. The Abbot's pump house. The Abbot's stables where there were eight horses. In the great tower seven large bells. In the high church a number of costly altars. In the new chapel a fair tomb of King Edgar, copper-gilt. The altar set with images, gilt. The broad court of the Abbey 491 feet long, 220 feet broad. The library and Scriptorium adjoining.

Of all this vast pile nothing remains but some fragments of the church, St. Joseph's chapel and the Abbot's kitchen. The fate of the holy Thorn is rather a curious one. It still stood within the Abbey enclosure, when in the reign of Elizabeth a zealous Puritan determined to get rid of this "*fons et origo mali*.' The tree had two trunks interlaced, and the good man set vigorously to work with the result that he cut through one of the trunks and also his own leg, while a splinter flew out and blinded one eye. The remaining trunk grew and flourished and blossomed duly on Christmas Eve, till in the reign of Charles I another Puritan cut that down. Offshoots, however, of the Thorn had been preserved, and these still exist in the neighbourhood and still bloom in winter as well as in summer. The Abbey seal, of the date of Richard II., bears on one side the figures of the three canonised Abbots, St. Patrick and St. Benignus on the right and left of St. Dunstan, all croziered, and with their right hands uplifted in benediction. A shamrock is under the feet of St. Patrick, while fishes and goldsmith's tools are under St. Benignus and St. Dunstan. The inscription runs "*confirmant has res, conscripti pontifices tres.*" On the other side the Blessed Virgin stands holding on her left arm the holy Infant, and in her right hand a branch of olive covered with fruit. On each side of her are St. Catherine with the wheel, and St. Margaret standing on a serpent; the inscription is almost illegible.

At the beginning of this century a circular well covered with a fine Gothic arch was discovered, and is supposed to have been one of those healing wells, so numerous all over the country, though the old historians of the Abbey make no special mention of it. Many and various were the objects of devotion which drew pilgrims from all parts to Glaston's fane, but all have perished save the holy Thorn. A curious entry regarding this occurs in the *London Evening Post* of 1753, under the heading "Glastonbury." "A vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn on Christmas day, new style, but to their great disappointment there was no appearance of its blowing, which made them watch it narrowly on the 5th of January—Christmas old style—when it blowed as usual."

Silence and solitude brood over these ruins, which at all events, unlike so many others, have never been put to any less sacred uses. The ground they stand on is composed of the dust of saints, heroes and kings. Will these "dry bones" ever live again?

ELISABETH VERNON BLACKBURN.

## Gesta Romanorum ; or, The Pulpit of Merry England.

### OF THE COMPUNCTIONS OF A FAITHFUL MIND.

A CERTAIN king had a beautiful and wise daughter, whom he was desirous of marrying. But she had sworn never to unite herself with any but upon three conditions. First, he was to state accurately and succinctly how many feet there were in the length, breadth, and depth of the four elements. Secondly, what would change the north wind. And thirdly, by what means fire might be carried in the bosom without injury. When the king, therefore, understood his daughter's resolution, he proclaimed it through the kingdom, and promised to give her in marriage to whomsoever performed the conditions. Many endeavoured but failed ; until at length a certain soldier from foreign parts heard of the girl's oath. He hastened to the palace, bringing with him a single attendant, and an extremely fiery horse. On being admitted into the king's presence, he said, " I am desirous of espousing your majesty's daughter, and I am prepared to solve the questions which have been proposed." The king assented, and the soldier calling his servant, commanded him to lie upon the earth. And when he was thus laid, his master measured his length from one extremity to the other. When he had done this, he said to the king, " My lord, your first question is resolved ; I find in the four elements scarcely seven feet." " How ?" replied the king, " what has this to do with the four elements ?" " My lord," answered the soldier, " every man as well as every animal, is composed of the four elements." " Amen," said the

king, "you have proved this very satisfactorily. Now then for the second condition ; which is to change the wind." Immediately he caused his horse to be brought into the area of the court, and there administered a potion, by which the animal was made perfectly quiet. This done he turned his horse's head toward the east and said, "Observe, my lord, the wind is changed from North to East." "How?" answered the king, "what is this to the wind?" "Sire," returned the soldier, "is it not obvious to your wisdom that the life of every animal consists in his breath, which is air? As long as he remained toward the North, he raged fiercely, and his snorting was excessive. But when I had given him the potion and turned him towards the East, he became quiet and breathed less, and in a different direction ; wherefore, the *wind is changed*." "This also," said the king, "you have well proved ; go on to the third." "My lord," replied the soldier, "this, so please you, I will perform before all your court." Then, taking up a handful of burning coals he deposited them in his bosom, without injury to his flesh. "Truly," exclaimed the king, "you have done very well in these matters : but tell me, how happens it that you are unhurt by the fire?" "It was not," returned the soldier, "by any power of my own, but by virtue of a singular stone, which I always carry about with me. And whosoever possesses this stone is able to resist the hottest fire." The king, satisfied that the conditions had been accurately complied with, gave orders for his marriage with the lady. He loaded him with riches and honours, and they both ended their days in the greatest happiness.

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My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ. The daughter is the human soul. To measure the elements, is to subdue the lusts of the flesh. The fiery horse is any sinner, whom repentance changes. The fire in the bosom is luxury, pride, avarice, and the stone is a true and lively faith in Christ.



## OF AN ETERNAL RECOMPENSE.

A king made a great feast, and despatched messengers with invitations, in which the guests were promised not only a magnificent entertainment, but considerable wealth. When the messengers had gone through town and country, executing everywhere the commands of their king, it happened that there dwelt in a certain city two men, of whom one was valiant and robustly made, but blind; while the other was lame and feeble, but his sight was excellent. Said the blind man to the lame, "My friend, ours is a hard case; for it is spread far and near that the king gives a great feast, at which every man will receive not only abundance of food but much wealth; and thou art lame, while I am blind: how then shall we get to the feast?" "Take my counsel," replied the lame man, "and we will obtain a share both of the dinner and wealth." "Verily," answered the other, "I will follow any counsel that may benefit me." "Well then," returned the blind man, "thou art stout of heart, and robust of body, and therefore, thou shalt carry me on thy back who am lame and weak. My eyes shall be as thine; and thus, for the loan of thy legs, I will lend thee my eyes; by means of which we shall reach the festival and secure the reward." "Be it as thou hast said," replied he of the legs; "get upon my back immediately." He did so; the lame man pointed the way, and the other carried him. They arrived at the feast, and received the same recompense as the rest.

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My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ, who prepared the feast of eternal life. The blind man is the powerful of this world, who are blind to their future safety. The lame man is any devout person, who has nothing in common with the man of the world, but sees the kingdom which is to come.

## OF MAINTAINING TRUTH TO THE LAST.

In the reign of Gordian, there was a certain noble soldier who had a fair but vicious wife. It happened that her husband having occasion to travel, the lady sent for her friends, and rioted in every excess of wickedness. Now, one of her handmaids, it seems, was skilful in interpreting the song of birds; and in the court of the castle there were three cocks. During the night, while the revellers were with the lady, the first cock began to crow. The lady heard it, and said to her servant, "Dear friend, what says yonder cock?" She replied, "That you are grossly injuring your husband." "Then," said the lady, "kill that cock without delay." They did so; but soon after, the second cock crew, and the lady repeated her question. "Madam," said the handmaid, "he says, 'My companion died for revealing the truth, and for the same cause, I am prepared to die.'" "Kill him," cried the lady,—which they did. After this, the third cock crew; "What says he?" asked she again. "'Hear, see, and say nothing, if you would live in peace.'" "Oh!" said the lady, "*don't* kill him."

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My beloved, the emperor is God, the soldier, Christ; and the wife, the soul. The friends are devils. The handmaid is conscience. The first cock is our Saviour, who was put to death; the second is the martyrs; and the third is a preacher who ought to be earnest in declaring the truth, but, being deterred by menaces, is afraid to utter it.

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## OF THE DESTRUCTION OF UNGRATEFUL MEN.

A certain king had an only son, whom he ardently loved. When the boy arrived at man's estate, day after day he solicited

his father to resign the kingdom, and deliver to himself the sovereign power. "My dear son," said the king, "if I were satisfied that you would treat me honourably and kindly during the remainder of my life, I should have no objection to relinquish the throne to you." The son answered, "My lord, I will bind myself by an oath before all the noblemen of the empire to do in every respect as a son ought to do. Be confident that I will show greater honour to you than to myself." The old king trusted to his assurances, and resigned the supreme command. But no sooner was he crowned, and seated on the throne of his ancestors, than his heart underwent a total change. For a few years he gave due honour to his indulgent parent, but after that entirely neglected him. This unexpected and unmerited treatment naturally exasperated the old king, and he began to complain to the wise men of the empire that his son had broken the contract. They, therefore, having always loved the father, reproved the son for his ingratitude. But the new king spurned them from him with fury; imprisoned his father in a castle, and permitted not the smallest access to him. Here he often endured the extremity of hunger, and every other species of wretchedness.

It happened that the king himself once passed the night in the same castle; and the father sent to him the following message—"Oh my son, pity the old father who gave up everything to thee. I suffer thirst and hunger; and deprived of all comfort—even of wine to cheer me in my infirmity—I draw out my life." "I know not," said the king, "that there is wine in this castle." He was told that there were five casks deposited in that place, but that without his permission the seneschal refused to draw wine from them. "Suffer me, my dear son," said the unhappy father, "suffer me at least to recruit my wasted form with the first of these casks." The son refused, alleging that it was new, and therefore prejudicial to old men. "Then," said the old man, "give me the second cask." "I will not do

that," answered the king, "because it is kept for my own drinking, and for the young noblemen who attend me." "Yet you will surely permit me to take the third," continued his father. "No," replied the other, "it is very strong, and you are so weak and infirm that it would kill you." "The fourth cask then?" said he, "give me that." "It is sour and would do you much injury." "But," urged the father, "there is a fifth, allow me to retain it." "Oh," said the king, "it is nothing but dregs; the noblemen sent it to destroy thee in case thou wert permitted to drink of it." The poor father hearing excuses like these, went away very sorrowful; but secretly wrote letters to the noblemen, declaring how he had been treated, and imploring them to relieve him from the misery he was compelled to endure. His ill usage excited their pity and indignation; they restored the father, and threw the son into prison, where he died.

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My beloved, the king is Christ; and the son is any bad Christian.

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#### OF RICHES, WHICH ARE NOT TO BE COVETED.

A certain king had two daughters, one of whom was extremely beautiful and very much beloved. The other, however, was of a dark, unprepossessing complexion, and hated as much as her sister was esteemed. The difference in their appearance caused the king to give them characteristic names. He called the first Rosamunda, that is, the fragrant rose; and the second, Gratia-plena, or the full of grace.

A herald was commanded to proclaim that whosoever would marry either of the two daughters should do so upon the following conditions. First, that they should be the worthiest of the



candidates ; secondly, that whoever chose the beautiful girl should have nothing but her beauty, but he who selected the dark girl should succeed him to the throne. Multitudes flocked to the summons ; but every one still clung to the fair lady, and not even the temptation of a kingdom could induce any one to espouse the other. Gratiaplana wept bitterly at her unhappy fate. " My daughter," said the king, " why are you so grievously afflicted ? " " Oh, my father," returned she, " no one visits or speaks kindly to me ; all pay their attentions to my sister, and despise me. " " Why, my dear daughter," said the father, " do you not know that whosoever marries you will possess the crown ? " This was touching the right string ; the lady dried her tears, and was marvellously comforted.

Not long after a king entered the royal palace, and seeing the great beauty of Rosamunda desired her in marriage. The father-king consented, and she was espoused with great joy. But the other daughter remained many years unbetrothed. At last, a certain poor nobleman, very wisely reflecting that though the girl was abominably ugly yet she was rich, determined to marry her. He therefore went to the king, and solicited his consent ; who, glad enough at the proposal, cheerfully bestowed her upon him ; and after his decease bequeathed him the kingdom.

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My beloved, the king is our Lord Jesus Christ ; Rosamunda is the world, which every one loves. The other daughter, Gratiaplana, so abhorred by the world, is poverty. But the poor in spirit will receive the kingdom of heaven.

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#### OF PRESUMPTION.

There was a certain king who had a singular partiality for

little dogs that barked loudly ; so much so, indeed, that they usually rested in his lap. Being long accustomed to eat and sleep in this situation, they would scarcely do either elsewhere : seeming to take great pleasure in looking at him, and putting their paws upon his neck. Now it happened that an ass, who noticed this familiarity, thought to himself, " If I should sing and dance before the king, and put my feet round his neck, he would feed me also upon the greatest dainties, and suffer me to rest in his lap." Accordingly quitting his stable, he entered the hall, and running up to the king, raised his clumsy feet with difficulty around the royal neck. The servants, not understanding the ass's courteous intention, imagined that he was mad ; and pulling him away, belaboured him soundly. He was then led back to the stable.

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My beloved, the king is Christ ; the barking dogs are zealous preachers. The ass is any one who, without the necessary qualifications, presumes to take upon himself the interpretation of the word of God.

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#### OF CONSTANCY.

There once lived a king who had a beautiful and beloved daughter. After his death, she succeeded to the throne, but being young and unprotected, a certain tyrannical duke came to her, and, by means of large promises, won her to dishonour. When his iniquitous purpose was accomplished, the girl wept bitterly ; and soon after the tyrant expelled her from the inheritance. Thus reduced from the splendours of royalty, to the lowest state of wretchedness, she solicited alms of the passengers. It happened that as she sat weeping by the way-side, a certain knight passed by, and observing her great beauty, became enamoured of her. " Fair lady," said he, " what are you ? " " I am," replied the weeping girl, " the only daughter of a king, after

whose death a tyrant deceived and abused me, and then deprived me of my inheritance." "Well," returned the knight, "are you willing to marry me?" "Oh! my lord," exclaimed she, "I desire it beyond any thing that could happen." "Then plight me your faith," said the knight; "promise to receive no one for your husband but me, and I will make war upon the tyrant, and reinstate you in your possessions. But if I fall in the conflict, I entreat you to retain my bloody arms under your care, in testimony of affection; that in case any one hereafter shall desire your love, you may remember the proof I have given of my attachment and devotion to your service." "I promise faithfully," returned she, "to comply with your wishes; but oh! may your life be safe as my affection!" The knight therefore armed himself, and proceeded to engage the tyrant, who had heard of his intention, and prepared for the attack. The soldier, however, overcame him, and cut off his head: but, receiving a mortal wound, he died on the third day. The lady bewailed his death and hung up his bloody armour in her hall. She visited it frequently, and washed it with bitter tears. Many noblemen sought to espouse her, and made magnificent promises; but invariably before returning an answer, she entered the hall of the bloody armour, and surveying it steadfastly, exclaimed, amid abundance of tears, "Oh! thou, who devotedst thyself to death for one so unworthy, and restoredst me my kingdom!—far be it from me to abjure my plighted faith." Then returning to those who sought her love, she declared her resolution, never to unite herself with another, but to remain single to the end of her life. And so it was done.

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My beloved, the king is our heavenly Father; and the daughter is the soul seduced by the devil. The wayside is the world. The soldier who rode past, is the Son of God; the bloody armour is His death and passion.

OF THE CUNNING OF THE DEVIL, AND OF THE  
SECRET JUDGMENTS OF GOD.

There formerly lived a hermit who in a remote cave passed night and day in the service of God. At no great distance from his cell, a shepherd tended his flock. It happened that this person one day fell into a deep sleep, and in the meantime a robber, perceiving his carelessness, carried off his sheep. When the keeper awoke and discovered the theft, he began to swear in good set terms that he had lost his sheep; and where they were conveyed was totally beyond his knowledge. Now the lord of the flock, nothing satisfied with his keeper's eloquence, commanded him to be put to death. This gave great umbrage to the hermit before mentioned. "Oh heaven," said he to himself, "seest thou this deed? the innocent suffers for the guilty: why permittest thou such things? If thus injustice triumph, why do I remain here? I will again enter the world, and do as other men do."

With these feelings he quitted his hermitage, and returned into the world; but God willed not that he should be lost: an angel in the form of a man was commissioned to join him. Accordingly, crossing the hermit's path, he thus accosted him—"My friend, where are you going?" "I go," said the other, "to the city before us." "I will accompany you," replied the angel; "I am a messenger from heaven, and come to be the associate of your way." They walked on together towards the city. When they had entered, they entreated for the love of God harbourage during the night, at the house of a certain soldier, who received them with cheerfulness, and entertained them with much magnificence. The soldier had an only son lying in the cradle, whom he exceedingly loved. After supper, their bed-chamber was sumptuously decorated; and the angel retired with the hermit to rest. But about the middle of the night the former got up and strangled the sleeping infant. The hermit, horror-struck at what he



witnessed, said within himself, "Never can this be an angel of God: the good soldier gave us every thing that was necessary; he had but this poor innocent, and he is strangled." Yet he was afraid to reprove him.

In the morning both arose and went forward to another city, in which they were honourably entertained at the house of one of the inhabitants. This person possessed a superb golden cup which he highly valued; and which, during the night, the angel purloined. But still the astonished hermit held his peace, for his apprehension was extreme. On the morrow they continued their journey; and as they walked they came to a certain river, over which a bridge was thrown; they ascended the bridge, and about mid-way a poor pilgrim met them. "My friend," said the angel to him, "shew us the way to yonder city." The pilgrim turned, and pointed with his finger to the road they were to take; but as he turned, the angel seized him by the shoulders, and precipitated him into the stream below. At this the terrors of the hermit were again aroused—"It is the devil," exclaimed he internally—"it is the devil, and no good angel! What evil had the poor man done that he should be drowned?" He would now have gladly departed alone; but was afraid to give utterance to the thoughts of his heart. About the hour of vespers they reached a city, in which they again sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house to whom they applied, sharply refused it. "For the love of heaven," said the angel, "afford us a shelter, lest we fall a prey to the wolves and other wild beasts." The man pointed to a sty—"That," said he, "is inhabited by pigs; if it please you to lie there you may—but to no other place will I admit you." "If we can do no better," returned the angel, "we must accept your ungracious offer." They did so; and in the morning the angel calling their host, said, "My friend, I give you this cup;" and he presented to him the stolen goblet. The hermit, more and more astonished

at what he saw, said to himself, "Now I am certain this is the devil. The good man who received us with all kindness, he despoiled, and gives the plunder to this fellow who refused us a lodging." Turning to the angel, he exclaimed, "I will travel with you no longer. I commend you to God." "Dear friend," answered the angel, "first hear me, and then go thy way. When thou wert in thy hermitage, the owner of the flock unjustly put to death his servant. True it is he died innocently, and therefore was in a fit state to enter another world. God permitted him to be slain, foreseeing that if he lived he would commit a sin, and die before repentance followed. But the guilty man who stole the sheep will suffer all the same, while the owner of the flock will repair, by alms and good works, that which he ignorantly committed. As for the son of the hospitable soldier, whom I strangled in the cradle, know that before the boy was born, he performed numerous works of charity and mercy; but afterwards grew parsimonious and covetous, in order to enrich the child, of which he was inordinately fond. This was the cause of its death; and now its distressed parent is again become a devout Christian. Then, for the cup which I purloined from him who received us so kindly, know that before the cup was made, there was not a more abstemious person in the world; but afterwards he took such pleasure in it, and drank from it so often, that he was intoxicated twice or thrice during the day. I took away the cup, and he has returned to his former sobriety. Again, I cast the pilgrim into the river; and know that he whom I drowned was a good Christian, but had he proceeded much further he would have fallen into a mortal sin. Now he is saved, and reigns in celestial glory. Then, that I bestowed the cup upon the inhospitable citizen, know, nothing is done without reason. Put a guard, therefore, on thy lips, and detract not from the Almighty. For He knoweth all things." The hermit, hearing this, fell at the feet of the angel and entreated pardon. He returned to his hermitage, and became a good and pious Christian.

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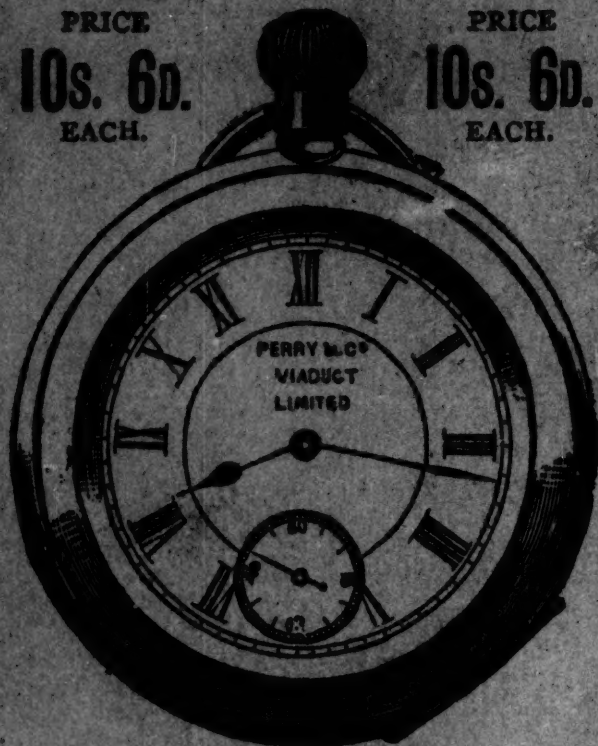
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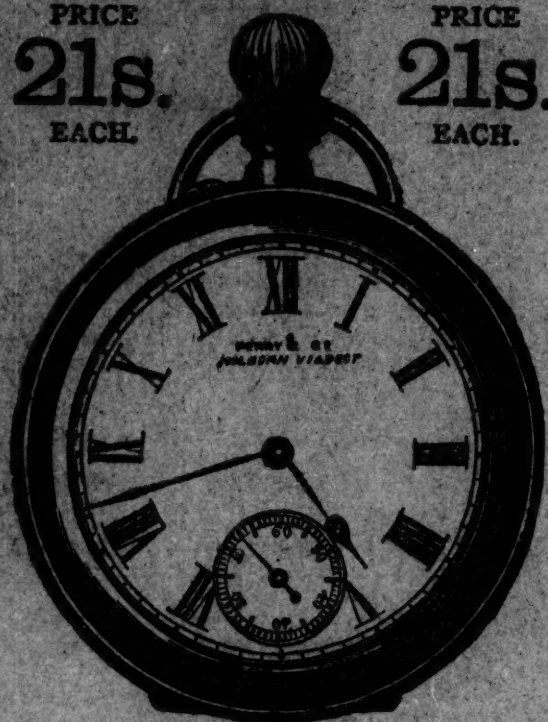


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